



Volume 1988 | Issue 5

Article 2

Spring 4-15-1988

Editorial

Lynn Maudlin

Christine Lowentrout

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle>

Recommended Citation

Maudlin, Lynn and Lowentrout, Christine (1988) "Editorial," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 1988 : Iss. 5 , Article 2.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol1988/iss5/2>

This Editorial Introduction is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Mythic Circle by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to:
<http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>



Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021



Daran reached forward tentatively, and shook hands with it.

He smiled up at Caroline. "I think that this was not what we believed it was."

"Hmph." Caroline tossed her head.

"From up here, I can see all of it. It's big. Ugly too."

It gazed up at her with huge yellow eyes, and even she could sense the reproach in that look.

"Come on," Daran waved to her.

"Octopuses are shy, gentle creatures."

"Why did it drag me down when I knifed it?" she asked, although she hovered slightly lower in the air above it. "And the plural is 'Octopi,' not 'Octopuses.'" "It didn't feel the pain for a few seconds. They're slow that way. And you're incorrect; it's 'Octopuses.'"

EDITORIAL

Hello, we're late. Here it is, late April, and we're putting out the late winter/early spring issue. So why bother feeling as if we're late and just resign ourselves to this schedule? Good question, and one we've asked each other, too. But three months from now is mere days before MythCon (the annual Mythopoeic Conference - more on that later) and that time is already booked with other obligations. Therefore, issue #6 needs to come out "on time."

Happily, issue #6 is the American Fantasy issue and we've been saving stories with that issue in mind for some time and we've almost got enough to go to press right now. So, in fact, we can get to work almost immediately!

On the subject of THIS issue, however, you will find that we have an unpublished "Thomas the Rhymer" story by Charles de Lint in honor of our first birthday (beginning our second year of publication). We have a nice assortment of stories for you as well as another large and lively letter column (*thank you! thank you!* to all our letter writers).

You might also notice some differences in appearance; this is the first issue we've tried to use my Ventura desktop publishing system (running down to San Diego to print on my brother's laser printer!) -- other stories were sent in format by their authors and we reduce their size slightly and do paste up & layout by hand. So please bear with us as we continue to work on getting better and better, every issue. Remember to get those letters in early since Issue #6 will come out in two months (of course, we'll still print your letters, even if they miss the deadline - in the following issue).

Thanks for your support,
your humble editors,

Lynn Maudlin
& Christine Lowentroun

The kraken swam slowly about the boat once, while Daran coaxed Caroline back to his side. With extreme reluctance she accepted a damp tentacle-tip in her hand and shook hands.

"Does it have a name?" she asked, wiping her hand on her blouse.

"Let's ask." He leaned over the prow of the boat, looking into the giant's eyes.

"Have you a name, O Octopus?"

It raised its mantle, drew a chamber full of air, and belched it out underwater through its siphon. The result was no more than a bubbling rush that turned the seawater to foam.

Caroline looked at Daran. "How many 'g's in that?"

Daran raised an eyebrow. "I'm certain they were 'k's.'"

They agreed to refer to the monster by the appellation "Karakil," a name that preserved some of the burbling nuances of its salty exhalation. Other matters were not so easily settled.

Karakil dragged their boat along, fastened to it by a tight sucker-grip with two arms. He swam ahead, waving his other arms behind and ahead. Good speed was made in the tiny boat. By turns Karakil towed the boat, played gently with the two humans, and rested for short catnaps. All the while, Caroline and Daran discussed the issue that was foremost in their thoughts.

"Octopuses," Caroline glared at Daran with a fiery gaze.

"Octopi," Daran disagreed firmly.

The argument had simmered for an hour and a half.

"Octopuses."

"Octopi."

With a swelling roll of displaced water, Karakil flowingly awoke, to peer at them questioningly with a massive yellow eye. Steadying the boat with a tentacle, he stretched fluidly, changed color thrice, and moved onward up the Adriatic.

"Octopuses," Caroline said, her voice lowered respectfully.

Shortly before sunset the weather changed again, with dark clouds threatening on the horizon. Thick fog closed down from above, the gray mist darkening slowly as the sun sank. They moved on through the murk, with only the rush of water past the hull to indicate their passage. At eight o'clock they heard the funereal clanging of a city sea-bell.

At eight thirty they fetched roughly up against the stones of a wharf.

"Land!" Daran shouted joyfully.

"Who goes there?" came an answer from the mist. A lantern's light grew out of the darkness, surrounded by a nimbus of swirling droplets.

"Shipwrecked mariners," Daran answered.

"The salvage of storm and night. I am Daran, and this is --"

The newcomer stood before them, in the uniform and bearing the cutlery of a guardswoman. "-- This is Caroline, and you are both under sentence."

Daran swallowed. Caroline's eyes widened. "What town is this, sirrah?"

"Venice," the guard answered shortly.

"Good! We'll find out what death they had for 'us.'"

"Impaling," said the guard through tight lips.